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## MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Southern Literary Messenger.]

## SECLUSALVA, OR THE SQUEL TO THE TALE OF "JUDITH BENSADDI."

[CONTINUED.]

Putting all these facts and conjectures together, I was so nearly persuaded that the lady in black was my Judith, as to feel the most tormenting impatience to solve the mystery. But in vain did I attempt to trace the course of Dr. La Motte, or to discover the place of his residence. The tavern-keeper at the village could give me no information; no one in the neighborhood was possessed of the knowledge that I sought. I concluded to write letters to acquaintances in different parts of Carolina, and to get my friends to do the like, that, if possible, I might from some one obtain the desired information. At least fifty letters were written by me and for me; but four weary months passed away without a ray of intelligence. Nobody seemed to know Dr. La Motte. At last a correspondent in Charleston informed one of my friends, that Dr. La Motte, with his family, had a few days before embarked at that port for France; but that no such lady as Miss Bersati was with them. This correspondent had learned that Dr. L.'s residence was on the island of St. Helena, upon the sea coast, south of Charleston. I determined to go immediately to the place, and obtain what information I could respecting Miss Bersati.

On the first of March, I mounted my horse, and put him to a full trial of his speed and bottom. In eight days I reached Beaufort, where I found that Dr. L. was well known. At his extensive plantation, ten miles from Beaufort, I was able at last to get a clue that would probably guide me to my object. When Dr. L. left home for a visit to France, he obtained a situation for Miss Bersati in the family of Mr. Naudin, a relation of his, in the neighborhood of Puryburg, on the Savannah. Thither I went in eager haste, and arrived at the house about noon, on the tenth day of my absence from home.

I was politely received by Mrs. Naudin in the absence of her husband. She informed me that Miss Bersati was an inmate of her family, and was then with her daughters in another part of the house. I showed such deep emotion on hearing this, that Mrs. N. suspected instantly the cause of my agitation, and knowing that Miss Bersati was in a correspondent state of mind, respecting some gentleman to whom she had become attached, the good lady did not wait for any detailed explanation, but, on my expressing a desire to see Miss Bersati, she smiled, and said that the young lady would doubtless be glad to see me. "I will request her," (said she) "to step into a private room, that so joyful a meeting may be undisturbed by spectators. Be so good as to keep your seat until I return." I could not literally keep my seat. My palpitating heart would not let me rest a single moment—I got up and paced the room; then sat down again; but in another moment I was on my feet, hurrying from one part of the room to another. Every minute seemed an hour, till Mrs. Naudin returned and asked me to walk with her. I followed her footsteps into a long piazza in the rear of the house, and then to the end of the piazza, where we entered a passage, on the left side of which was a door standing ajar; beckoning me to enter by that door, she retired in silence. I stood a few minutes to collect my spirits. I heard light footsteps within, of a person walking anxiously over the floor. Pushing the door gently, I stepped in, and saw the lady in black walking from me, unconscious of my presence. Her stature and figure seemed to be those of my Judith. Her hair, black and glossy as the raven's plume, agreed with my Judith's. The lady soon heard my approach, and turning round quickly, brought to view a face which again started the rushing tide of sensibility to my nerves. "My Judith," (I exclaimed)—"my own beloved!" and I sprang forward to embrace her. She, when she caught the first glance of my person, uttered a faint cry of joy, and started to meet me. But before we met, I discovered an instantaneous change in her countenance. The glow of joyful surprise was converted into ashy paleness. An expression of anguish came like a flash of lightning upon her face. I was in the act of taking her into my arms, when she sank at once to the floor, as if paralyzed. I raised her up and placed her on a settee in the room, and snatching a cushion from a chair, put it under her head. She soon began to recover from her partial swoon. Before she was able to converse, I had time and opportunity to undecieve myself. I discovered—to my inexpressible grief and disappointment—that the lady in black was not Judith Bersati. She resembled her much in every striking peculiarity of feature. But a close inspection immediately detected differences that left me no room for mistake. This lady's eyes were rather small

and blacker, her complexion darker, her face longer, and the expression of her countenance was to me less benignly sweet and winning.

She rose, after some minutes, to a sitting posture, and giving me a sorrowful look, she sighed deeply without speaking. "Alas, my dear stranger," (said I) "we are both, I fear, sadly disappointed by the result of this interview. I have long sought you in the belief that you were a dear, lost friend. You resemble her, and this resemblance deceived me." "O! sir," (said she) "you were announced to me as a dear, lost friend of mine; it was a mistake on both sides; the shock overcame me; I saw that you were a stranger, and not my friend. My hope is gone. Alas, alas, he is dead! I shall never see him again!" Here she burst into a flood of tears. After she had wept and sobbed a few minutes, I spoke some friendly words to her, and gradually led her into a conversation. The keenness of my disappointment would have been more sorely felt, if the anguish of Miss Bersati had not interested my feelings and excited my curiosity. I was exceedingly desirous to learn the story of one, who, in so many points, resembled my lost Judith, now lost again to my newly awakened hopes.

"Lady," (said I, after a while) "your resemblance to one whom I dearly loved, whom I thought dead, but whom I hoped again to find alive in you, makes me desirous to know something of your history. Will you favor me with an outline of it?"

"I will," (said she) "if my feelings permit." "I have heard," (said I) "that you are from London." "I am," (said she) "but I was born in Italy. My father, Anselmo Bersati, was a professor of music. After the death of my mother, he accepted the invitation of an English nobleman, and removed from Florence to London, when I was ten years old, and my brother twelve. He had no other children. He taught music in the nobleman's family for a while, and was employed at the public concerts. His reputation grew, and he soon acquired a handsome income. He bred me to the same profession, and before I was sixteen, I was qualified to give music lessons. I was soon able to support myself in this way; and before I was eighteen, I got a good salary as a musician in the opera. My brother preferred the mercantile business, and was bred to that. He was fond of travelling, and three years ago made a voyage to America. He returned to London with a young gentleman, Andrew Hazleton, of Charleston, whose father was a merchant in good business. I became acquainted with Mr. Hazleton; he soon attached himself to me; the attachment became mutual, and resulted in an engagement of marriage. He and my brother joined their influence to persuade my father to emigrate to Charleston, where they assured him of a profitable employment in his profession. My expected settlement in that city induced him to consent; and the next spring, now two years ago, was fixed on for the voyage. Mr. Hazleton returned home to wait our arrival for the consummation of the marriage.

"The next spring when we expected to embark, my father was taken ill with a lingering disease, which confined him for six months to the house. When he was able again to ride out, he had the misfortune to be thrown from the carriage, and almost killed. At last, however, though threatened with a return of his old disease, he embarked with me, twelve months ago, for Charleston. But it was a sad embarkation, for on that very day we heard that my brother had fallen in a duel at Havana, to which he had gone upon a trading voyage. The news so affected my poor father, that he was taken sick before we had lost sight of land. He suffered great agony during five weeks, and then, just as the American coast came in view, he breathed his last. Thus was I left a destitute orphan among strangers, and my first office on landing in a strange city, was to bury my father. His long illness, and my close attendance on him, reduced our resources, especially as he had given my brother a large portion of his capital, to set him up in trade. On my landing in Charleston, I had but small funds remaining. But I experienced great kindness from several strangers, especially from Dr. La Motte, who was a fellow-passenger on the voyage.

"I must now tell you of another sore affliction on my landing. I did not find Mr. Hazleton, as I expected. He had written to me affectionately, from time to time, during the first year after our separation. He then informed me that his father had met with misfortunes in business, which made it expedient for him to remove to New-Orleans, where he might retrieve his losses. He still urged us to come as soon as possible to America; assured me of his unchanged affection, and declared that nothing prevented him from coming to London for me, but the difficulty of his father's affairs, which required his aid. A few days before we embarked, we received a letter, dated New-Orleans, in which he promised to meet me in Charleston, as soon as he should hear of my arrival there. As soon as I was able, after landing, I wrote to him an account of my arrival and of my sad condition. A month afterwards no answer had arrived. I wrote again; but no answer was returned. Dr. La Motte then wrote to a friend of his in New-Orleans, to make inquiries. In four weeks he received an answer, saying that old Mr. Hazleton was dead, and that his son Andrew had embarked, three months before, on a commercial adventure for Brazil, and might be expected soon to return. This explained the cause of my receiving no answers to my late letters, and gave me some consolation. In the mean time, I resided in Dr. La Motte's family as governess of his daughters, and received great kindness from the family. I waited in hope of soon seeing or hearing from Mr. Hazleton. But another and

another month passed away without intelligence. Dr. L. wrote again to his friend, and received for answer, that Mr. Hazleton, had neither returned nor been heard from. I now began to fear that some fatal accident had befallen him. I had no doubt of his fidelity to me, and have never suspected him of repenting his engagement, or I should not have sought intelligence of him as I have done. In the month of August, I accompanied Dr. La Motte's family on a tour to the north, and returned with them two months afterwards.

Here I interrupted the fair narrator with the remark, that it was on their return from that tour, that I got a glimpse of her face in Philadelphia, and afterwards heard of her visit to the vale of Seclusa. She gave me a look of surprise and interest, when I mentioned Seclusaval. "Are you the owner of that beautiful valley?" "Yes," Miss Bersati; and it was the feeling which you showed on hearing of my disappointment in love, that led me to seek this interview, in the hope that you might indeed prove to be my lost Judith Bersatti." "Judith Bersatti! Judith Bersatti!" said she, in a sort of amazement, "is she the lady whom you loved?" "Yes," whom I loved and lost; did you know her?" "Yes, my father was her music-teacher; he often praised her as the finest and most amiable scholar that he ever had. I saw her a few times; but I never had any intimacy with her." "Can you tell me, Miss Bersati, any thing of her history shortly before and after her father's bankruptcy?" "Very little, sir; I remember to have heard that she paid her father's debts out of her own fortune; and I think that I afterwards heard of her going to France with her father, and that he died there." "Did you ever hear of her marriage, and of her husband's name?" "I remember to have heard, some years ago, that she expected to be married to a clergyman who had baptized her; but, although my father was often at Mr. Bersatti's house, while giving her lessons, he ceased to have any intercourse with the family afterwards, and we did not often hear of them; I do not think I ever heard of her marriage." "Did you ever hear of her death?" "I heard something of another death in the family; I cannot say for certain that she was the one."

Thus unsatisfactorily did my enquiries terminate. Meanwhile Miss Bersati gradually assumed a more cheerful air, in the excitement of conversation. I staid until the next day, and became sufficiently acquainted with Miss B. to admire her beauty, her talents and her accomplishments. I thought that she showed no reluctance to cultivate an intimacy with me. She often alluded to the beauties of Seclusaval, and of her despair of again seeing her lover. I thought her an interesting lady, resembling my Judith a good deal;—but, on the whole, far inferior, especially in the undesigned simplicity of heart, and virgin purity of sentiment, which gave to my lost Judith her transcendent loveliness; not that Miss Bersati was notably deficient in these estimable traits of character; but the Italian ardor of her feelings was not tempered with such a degree of unsophisticated sweetness and modesty, as distinguished my Judith. Yet I sincerely commiserated her misfortunes, so much like those of my beloved.

The reader, if interested in her story, will be pleased to hear that within a month after my visit, her lover returned and fulfilled his engagement.

## CHAPTER V.

I returned home with a heavy heart; taking Charleston in my route, that I might lay in a supply of all things needful to complete my establishment in Seclusaval, where I was now more than ever disposed to lead a solitary life, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." With this view I purchased every thing now, in the way of furniture and stores, that my little household and my laborers would be likely to need for several years. I was liberal, if not profuse, in my purchases; I designed to be not only just but generous to my agents, tenants and dependents; and accumulated such various stores, that I could always have suitable presents to bestow. For my worthy steward's family I made special provision. As to my private and ordinary style of living, I resolved that it should be simple and plain; but when genteel friends or strangers should visit my lovely Seclusaval, I resolved to bring forth out of my stores the elegancies and luxuries that would make their visit agreeable to the style of my hospitality as well as for the charms of the scenery.

Thus did I think to console my desolate heart. By the first of April, I again saw the unfolding verdure of my valley, promising a glorious summer display of all that is beautiful in external nature. The house was finished in a simple, but remarkably neat and cleanly style of architecture. It was spacious enough to accommodate a large family. The water pipes were laid, and a clear fountain spouted in the yard, and ran sparkling to trace its maze rounds about the slopes and terraces of the garden. The garden, now finished and furnished, began to bud and bloom with all the riches of a temperate climate. The meadow, sprinkled here and there with trees, single and in clumps, was clothed with a luxuriant sward of the deepest green. The pure waters of the lake were inhabited by a thousand sportive fishes, among which the trout seemed to find peculiar joy in the cool pellucid element. The neighboring hills and dales differed from the meadow, only in being more shaded with the native forest trees, which had been selected to remain for their stately magnificence, their beautiful forms, or their rich verdure; but among these chosen remnants of the forest, a green turf, grazed by flocks and herds, began to cover and adorn the ground. Laws here and there permitted the eye to pene-

trate into the bosom of the park, and afforded glimpses of beautiful groves and retreats, that enticed the imagination as much as by what was hidden as by what was revealed.

A carriage-road had been made to wind among the hills and dales towards the upper end of the valley. Passing by the Dusky Cascade before described, it pursued the dark glen that led up to the Blue Ridge; but presently took the point of a low ridge, that led gradually up to the top of Craggyhead. From this road another led down into the valley on the north-eastern side of Craggyhead, and down that valley until it joined the road leading out of Seclusaval by the ravine.

Now, with all these varied sources of pleasure and amusement,—such choice gifts of nature, such sweet embellishments of art, such stores of all that my heart could covet of the productions of human industry; such a collection of books and of philosophical apparatus, and such specimens of the fine arts, as I had collected in Europe and America,—which, if not very costly, were all that I desired,—did I not feel happy? How many are there in this country, male and female, young and old, who fancy that the possessor of such abundant sources of enjoyment, must needs enjoy them and be satisfied. Or, if those alone could not satisfy; if the pleasures of society were wanting in my valley; still, as I could easily allure what company I would into so charming a retreat—many, perhaps, among my readers, will scarce believe me when I say, that after the excitement of unpacking, storing away and arranging my late acquisitions was over, and I had nothing to do but enjoy the beauties of Seclusaval and the goods that I had laid up for many years;—then did I begin to feel a degree of hopeless despondency, such as I had never felt since I came into the golden country. While I was laboring in my profession, and was full of duties and engagements, I was happy. The constant stimulus that kept my faculties in a state of activity, left me no time to brood over real or imaginary evils. Now, when my work was done, my fortune made, and a home, lovelier than I had ever dreamed of in my most poetic moods, was mine, to have and to enjoy, according to my pleasure, I first began to feel a sense of weariness and satiety, then of loneliness; then, as the remembrance of one favorite object unattained, came up more frequently and took hold more deeply upon my mind, I became so mad and restless, that I saw no other means of alleviation then to fly from my quiet paradise and mingle again with the turmoils of busy life. In fact, there was an aching void in my heart; I was alone, and "it is not good for man to be alone."

Happily, there was one favorite enterprise of mine yet unaccomplished. The female academy was not yet supplied with teachers. A difficulty arose, and the trustees sent for me to come down and aid them with my advice. The difficulty was this: the trustees had, after much correspondence, fixed their hearts on procuring the services of Mr. Danforth, who was teaching a female academy in New York, but thinking the climate too cold for his constitution, was desirous of obtaining a situation in the south. But as his qualifications were high, so, and justly so, were his terms. He required the guarantee of a specific sum for himself during one year, and for his music teacher during three years. He would not engage in a new institution and a strange country, without satisfactory evidence that a complete seminary under good management could be sustained, and this evidence was the guarantee. The trustees could obtain from the families of the country around sufficient engagements to guarantee Mr. Danforth's own salary, and that of his wife;—but the demand of one thousand dollars a year for the music teacher, seemed extravagant and the patrons were not willing to join the trustees in securing it.

When I met with the trustees, I found them reluctantly brought to the conclusion, that they could not employ Mr. D., and must look out for another, and probably an inferior teacher. When I read his letter prescribing the conditions, I noticed that he spoke in the highest terms of the lady who taught music in his school; he valued her services so highly, that he would not engage anywhere without securing her an ample salary. He said that she was in no degree related to him or his family, and that she was a friendless and unfortunate lady, whom he would not forsake, and whose talents and accomplishments would adorn any station. I was struck with the noble sentiments expressed by Mr. Danforth, and conceived such an esteem for his character, that I promptly resolved to make myself responsible for the music teacher's salary.

"Gentlemen," (said I) "Mr. Danforth speaks like a man conscious of his deserts; and what is more like a generous friend to the unfortunate. The high terms which he demands so peremptorily for the accomplished and unfortunate lady whom he has taken under his protection, are to me the strongest reasons why we should accept them. I take upon myself the guarantee of a thousand dollars annually, for three years, to the unfortunate lady;—I will go a step further, & promise the same lady three elegant suits of apparel yearly, if she will come three times each year and play upon the instrument that stands silent in my lonely parlor; and, by way of assurance that the promise shall be fulfilled, I will send to Philadelphia to-morrow for the first three suits. Mr. Luppel sets out to-morrow for that city, and he shall be my agent. So write immediately to Mr. D., and tell him that his terms are accepted; but I forbid any mention of my name in the letter. The music teacher might feel some scruple, if she knew that a young bachelor had bidden so high for her. She might suspect that I have some design upon her."

The letter was written; and in three weeks an answer was received, announcing that Mr. D.

and his teachers would set out in a few days for the academy.

This affair lightened the burden upon my heart for some days. I returned to Seclusaval, but soon began to droop again. I busied myself, while in superintending some improvements, either not yet finished or newly undertaken. I visited all the new farms on my estate, especially the French colony in Soyevin, the name which I gave the valley devoted to vineyards and mulberry orchards. I found them doing well. Thus I made out to spend the month of April. But when May came, my melancholy increased. The opening charms of nature in Seclusaval served only to inspire melancholy thoughts. I was still alone; and it is not good for man to be alone. But what could I do? Though the Hours that adorn the fancied paradise of Mahomet had all smiled upon me, not one could have touched my heart, so long as the sweet miniature that I wore in my bosom, daily renewed my love for the peerless Judith Bersatti,—ever to be loved, and ever to be lamented.

I could stay at home no longer. I mounted my horse and rode again to the academy. The workmen were busily engaged in preparing it for the expected teachers. It could divert my melancholy but a day or two. I mounted and rode away, scarcely knowing whither I would go. Once I thought that I would visit the place where I first resided in Carolina; but when I reached the fork of the road leading to it, I felt too gloomy to appear among my acquaintances there: so I turned eastwardly and travelled on without object. I was flying from melancholy; but I carried the evil in my bosom, and fled in vain, because I could not fly from myself.

The third day of my travel from the academy was Saturday, and brought me at nightfall to an inn by the way-side, where a Mr. McTab, a Scotchman, furnished homely fare to travellers. The family had just arrived from a religious meeting, which was being held at a village seven miles beyond. The meeting was numerous attended on account of the presbytery, which was holding its sessions at the place. The Lord's Supper was to be administered the next day, and a great congregation was expected to attend. I was glad to hear of this meeting, and resolved at once to attend it. I felt myself in woful need of religious consolation; and hoped that by means of the holy communion, I might at last obtain rest for my weary soul.

I accompanied Mr. McTab and his family the next morning. I found the church in a grove on the outskirts of the village. Hundreds of horses were tied to the trees and fences. Although Divine service had begun, great numbers of loose persons were strolling about or gathered in groups wherever they could find logs or benches to sit on. Every door had a crowd about it, and every seat and every aisle in the church were thronged with auditors. Mr. McTab's pew being near the front door, we made out to work our way to it; and by making some youngsters stand among our feet we were enabled to seat ourselves. I could not see the preacher, except occasionally through openings in a dense mass of heads and shoulders. The sermon was an edifying one, and prepared me for joining devoutly in the communion.

When the communion service began, there was considerable difficulty in passing through the crowded aisles to the table. Therefore I waited until the service was nearly over, and then accompanied Mr. McTab's family to the table. Finding it nearly full, they took the space on the one side, while I passed round to the other, and sat facing them. Two or three ladies still lacked seats. The elder in attendance touched my shoulder, that I might make room for them. By pressing closely together, we left a space that was scantily sufficient for the ladies. The one next to me was in deep mourning, and closely veiled. She was much affected after she sat down, and strove in vain to suppress her sobs and tears. She had been pressed so closely to my side, that I could feel the tremor of her nerves and the palpitating of her heart. Her tokens of distress excited my sympathy. Her bereavement was doubtless severe, and probably recent: whether she mourned for parent, or brother; or, what seemed more likely, for the companion of her bosom. As I did, so did she, and sorely too, need the consolations of religion. I raised my heart in supplication for the weeping mourner, as well as for myself.

When the bread was distributed, she seemed to be so absorbed by her devotions as not to observe it. I took a small piece from the plate, broke it and put one of the parts into her hand. She took it from me and ate it, as I did the other part. So, when the wine came round, I tasted first, and then gave her the cup, which she took from my hand. Every moment I felt a greater interest in this stranger, and repeatedly implored the Father of Mercies in her behalf. I knew not why, but I was conscious of a singularly tender sensation from the soft touch of her arm and side involuntarily pressed against mine. The feeling had nothing in it incongruous to the sacredness of the hour and the place: it was a pure sympathy for the griefs of a breast, so gentle and so devout as I felt hers to be. I was not a little gratified to perceive the soothing effect of the communion upon her heart, whose spasmodic action ceased; tears flowed no longer; but a holy calm seemed to have been breathed into her soul, as it was into mine, through faith in the expiatory sufferings that were signified by the sacred emblems of bread and wine. We felt the peace which the dying Son of God bequeathed to his disciples,—the spiritual peace, without which the soul of man is but a fountain of bitter waters.

Then we rose from the table, the ladies at my side preceded me in retiring. The mourning lady then appeared to be of the middle stature, and she wore a bonnet somewhat different from



any others others that I noticed. These were the observations that I could make, before we were a little crowded and I lost sight of her. I had no means of learning, as I could not describe her to another person with any distinctness.

During our short intermission that preceded the afternoon service, I walked out to meditate in the woods. I felt a delightful glow of spiritual comfort. A fountain, lately closed, had been opened again by the devotional exercises of the day. I no longer considered myself a solitary, disconnected being. If I lacked one tie, of all the ties the closest and dearest—if, so far, I was severed from that without which human nature and human happiness are incomplete—I now felt the drawing of other bonds which bound me to every heart, even of strangers, around the communion table. I was still a member of the human family—I was also a member of the spiritual family, gathered by him who came down from heaven, into a peculiar brotherhood—a brotherhood of renewed hearts, which by prayer draw sweet influences of love from the common fountain of Deity, ever flowing from its exhaustless source to purify and to console. Alas! that so many should ever see these living waters. Alas! that so many should refuse the bitterness of their own hearts into these healing streams, and call the palatable mixture religion!

The afternoon service was begun, before I returned to the church. The sermon was an excellent one; chastely and beautifully eloquent, and strictly appropriate to the occasion, but delivered with less vehemence of manner than is usual in the south. The people generally seemed to listen without interest to calm and lucid exposition, logical argument and mild persuasion. The popular mind is yet too unaccustomed to religiously refined oratory. I asked Mr. McTab who this preacher was. "A stranger from the north," said he, "giving a sermon." Altogether the services of the day had a surprising effect on my mind. I left the church, renewed, brightened, and sanctified, at least for the time. I thanked Divine Providence for directing my wandering steps to this Presbyterian meeting. I could now go home refreshed.

As I stepped through the crowd to get my horse, I happened to hear a couple of plainly dressed old country women, in earnest conversation. Their Scottish dialect first struck my attention; but the subject of their colloquy soon awakened all my curiosity. "Awel, now, Mrs. McGraw, I wud na mind that a bawbee. Ye'll agree that a Jewess may be a gude christian, when she is converted." "Why, yes, Mrs. McCracken, I grant ye, if she be truly and thoroughly regenerate; but that is nae easily done wi' an' o' them hardened Jews, Mrs. McCracken. And them I wud nae mind her being a private christian, like, but I unnerstan that she is a teacher, a sort o' public character, like,—ye know, Mrs. McCracken. Now just think—wud ye like to put your daughter under a Judaizing teacher? Ye know how the Apostle warns us agin sic Judaizing teachers. Think o' that, Mrs. McCracken."

I had stopped at the word Jewess, which struck me like a clap of thunder—not now to frighten, but to rouse me. I waited for some further development of the subject of conversation. But Mrs. McCracken's husband called her off suddenly. "Good e'en, Mrs. McGraw," said Mrs. McCracken. "Good e'en, Mrs. McCracken," said Mrs. McGraw; and before I could address either Mrs. McCracken or Mrs. McGraw, they had mingled with the crowd and disappeared.

Had I met an acquaintance then, I would have inquired, if they had a converted Jewess for a teacher in their neighborhood. But a few moments' reflection made me conclude, that it was a matter of no consequence to me. Jewesses were found in all the world over; and a converted Jewess was no such rarity, that the mention of one should make me fancy that my lost Judith had risen from the grave.

I returned to Mr. McTab's on my way home. The next morning, while conversing with the hostess on the occurrences of the meeting, I was about to ask her a question, suggested by the allusions of the old women at the church, when she anticipated me by asking if I knew that the lady in mourning, who sat by my side at the communion table, was a converted Jewess. I started, turned pale, and almost breathless, answered, "No." "Awel now, she was,—but ye need be frightened. I trust that she is truly regenerate, and I dinna think that we should feel sic antipathy to only christian, though she be Jewish blood." I feel no antipathy, Mrs. McTab. But what you tell me is very surprising. Does she reside in this country? "Na, she is a stranger among us. She came till the presbytery on Saturday with the preacher that ye heard in the afternoon. They are ganging south, I hear, till tea-time." "Do you know the preacher's name?" "Aye, I heard it; I think they call him Danforth, or the like o' that." "Danforth, perhaps." "Aye, his wife sat next till the Jewess, in white caes." The say that the Jewish convert is his music teacher—though I canna say what sort o' music she teaches—some o' their ungadly whuslin lilt, I fear,—for they dinna teach psalmody in their academies. I unnerstan—the mair is the pity." "His music teacher! Did you hear her name, Mrs. McTab?" "Her name? O aye, I heard and tell it till anither; but it is sic a strange name—I canna remember—but it sounded like Scriptur name too—Beersheba—or Belshazzar—Ach! na—I was na jist a Scriptur name—Benhadad—it was amint like Benhadad—but I canna forgather it." "Was it Bensaddi?" I asked with almost breathless anxiety. "Benhadad! A weel now I think that was it;—But I canna tell; I think now it was mair like Baalsamen." "Try to remember, Mrs. McTab—do remember, I beg you." "Ye seem to hae a curiosity about it, Mr. Garmen. Ah, here is Jenny;—Jenny, dear, did ye hear the Jewish lady's name at the kirk yest' e'en?" "Nae, mither; I only heard her called the Jewish music teacher."

This was all that I could learn of the family. Though unsatisfactory, it was sufficient to kindle again some trembling hope—at least it stirred up a thorny impatience to learn who this music teacher was. She was a Jewess; she was a mourner; I had caused her to come to our academy; and

at the communion table, I had felt that there was a tender and mysterious sympathy between our souls. These alone were points of deep interest—and then the name! Oh how I longed to know the exact form of it! I was cautious, since Miss Gersul's case had disappointed me, not to trust in resemblances.

Breakfast had been just finished, and the hostess was saddling my steed, when a twohorse barouche passed by towards the west. I stepped to the door and saw that the hind seat was occupied by two ladies, one in white, the other in black with the identical bonnet of the lady in whom I now felt so intense an interest. In five minutes I was on my horse, and ere I was aware I found that I had urged him to a gallop. When I overtook them, a short turn in the road brought the side of the barouche into view. Mr. Danforth sat on the fore seat as driver; but the lady in black was so closely veiled, and so covered from my sight by the other lady, that I could make no discovery. I could easily have passed and turned to look at the faces of the party, but I would not risk a recognition of such importance in such circumstances.

Supposing that they must have taken an early breakfast and would of course stop for dinner, I laid a scheme to gain my end at the house where they would stop. The only convenient house for the purpose, I remembered to be in a rocky vale, where a mill, a store and a smith shop, made a sort of village. When Mr. Danforth stopped the barouche at a brook to let the horses drink, I rode past, holding my umbrella so as to conceal my face from the ladies. I then dashed on, and arrived at the tavern near an hour earlier than the barouche.

Telling the landlady that I did not "feel well," (a true saying,) I called for a private room that I might lie down. She showed me first a back room, which I rejected; then she offered me a room up stairs, which I declined also. She looked with curiosity into my face, to see if my periorium was sound. I asked if she had not a bed-room at the end of the front piazza. "Yes," said she, "but the sun makes it too warm, at this time of day." "Give me that, madam, it suits me exactly." She gave me another scrutinizing glance and then led the way. It was within thirty feet of the gate, and had a small window, opening towards the road. Requesting to have some toast and tea prepared, I lay down on the bed. But I seemed to lie on thorns. I got up and prepared the window, by heaving the sash up and the curtain down, so as to leave a small opening adapted to my scheme of peeping—for I desired to see before I was seen. Meditating on the possibility that this might be indeed my Judith, I considered what I should do in case that it was herself. She was probably a widow, as her deep mourning and sorrow indicated a bereavement more recent than the death of her father thirteen months before. I conceived the outlines of a plan of action; and was absorbed in the subject, when I heard the sound of wheels. My heart fluttered, in great trepidation I took my seat by the window just as the vehicle stopped.

Mr. Danforth dismounted, and hearing that the party could have dinner, he handed out first the lady in white, who walked straightway into the house. Then he handed out the lady in black, who, as she entered the gate, partially drew aside her veil. A soft dark eye, and part of a lovely face, made me almost faint with fearful joy. Mr. Danforth spoke to her: "How do you feel now, Miss Judith?" "Better every way than I have felt these many days," was the answer; and as she spoke, she turned her face so that every feature was distinctly seen.

I heard—I saw—it was—it was beyond a doubt my Judith Bensaddi! Her softly beaming eyes, her sweet countenance, somewhat pale and overcast with years of sorrow, but yet all sweet and lovely; the dulcet voice—the name—all agreed. I must have believed, though I had seen her laid in the grave. She lived—she looked—she spoke—she was *Miss Judith*, not Mrs. Brannigan. Yesterday she sat by my side a devout christian, as if Heaven designed that our reunion should commence at the holy place where we mingled pious vows, ate of the same consecrated bread, and drank of the same hallowed cup. Now, when all was evident, and my fearful hope was changed to certainty, I sank down upon the floor, smitten almost to death with excessive joy.

Soon after, a servant brought in my tea and toast. He found me apparently very ill,—really ill with joy. I had crawled into the bed; now I attempted to rise and go to the table, but stumbled and fell. I made out to get on a chair and drink a dish of tea, which revived me; but I told the servant to take out the things, as I had no appetite for food. The servant's report of my illness brought in the hostess, who asked if I would have a physician sent for. I told her that I was getting over the fit, and could do without medicine. "There is a strange gentleman here who knows something of physic," said she; "he desired me to ask if he could be of any service." "I shall be pleased to see him," was my reply. She left me; and the next moment Mr. Danforth entered the room. I told him that my illness was going off and needed no further treatment; but that I wished to have a few minutes' private conversation with him. He cheerfully assented. I inquired and remarks, and after some introductory what he knew of the late history of his music teacher. "My reason for asking," said I, "is, that I once knew the lady and was much attached to her; I recognised her as she came into the house, and was astonished to see her; because on a visit to London, nine months ago, I was informed that she and her father had died near the same time in France."

"Of course," said Mr. D., "you were misinformed respecting her death. I presume that it was her sister, Mrs. Brannigan, whose death you heard of. I will relate to you how I came to be acquainted with her. Bad health led me and my wife to spend the winter before the last in the south of France. We resided some months at Clairfont, a pleasant, healthy village near Bordeaux. We chose that village, because it was inhabited by protestants, and was a place of frequent resort for invalids. Here we became acquainted with Miss Bensaddi, who was attending on her sick father and sister. An English family in the village had known the Bensaddis in their prosperous days. They spoke in such exalted

terms of Miss Judith, and compassionated her afflictions to such a degree, that I resolved to seek acquaintance. Her assiduous attendance on her father and sister confined her almost constantly to the house; but having gained an introduction, we assisted her in nursing the sick, and what is more, acquired such knowledge of her modest virtues and talents, that we felt loathe to part with her. After the death of her father and sister, which she deeply mourned, but bore with pious submission, we proposed that she should come with us to America. We knew that she had nobly surrendered her own large fortune to pay her father's debts,—that she was the only survivor of the family, and that she felt reluctant to go back to London where nothing but melancholy reminiscences awaited her. I assured her, that in America her talents and acquirements would gain her an ample support. She replied that her nearest and best friend resided in Boston, and that she would thankfully accept our kind protection, until she could meet with that friend. She declared her intention to devote herself to teaching, that she might gain an honest living, and be useful to her fellow creatures. We embarked at Bordeaux and landed in New York on the fifteenth of June.

"Did you?" said I; then I was not mistaken when I thought that I saw Miss Judith on the deck of a French ship, which our packet met in the narrows on that very day. I was then on my way to London." "You remind me," said Mr. D., "of a circumstance which then occurred. We observed that Judith looked intently at the passengers on a ship that we passed in the narrows; and at last burst into tears. When we asked what was the matter, she said that she recognised a dear friend in that ship, one whom she had never before expected to see again, and who probably had now seen for the last time. She was obviously reluctant to mention particulars; so we did not press her, and she never spoke of the friend."

"In New York, I again resumed the school which I had taught. Miss Bensaddi addressed a letter to her Boston friend, Mr. Von Caleb; after long delay, she received a letter from another gentleman there, a friend of his, saying that Mr. Von Caleb had gone, just a week before her letter arrived, to reside again in London; that being left in charge of his affairs at Boston, he had opened her letter. He apologised that pressing circumstances prevented him from affording her any aid, but that she could write to her cousin in London, if she would. She desired no aid except accepted my offer of employment as music teacher in my female seminary."

"She lived very retired in my family,—seemed indisposed to mixed society;—but in private, with my family and a few friends, she was a delightful associate; while her extraordinary skill as a teacher, and her great advantage to my school and to every pupil that she taught."

"But a confined city life did not suit her natural taste and constitution. Though as cheerful as such accumulated misfortunes would permit any one to be, she evidently drooped and pined away; until about the middle of autumn, when we made an excursion up the Hudson, visited West Point, the Catskills and Niagara. This tour had a wonderful effect on her health and spirits. She was inexpressibly delighted with the scenery on our route, and showed that a country life could alone give her continued health and pleasure. On her account, therefore, as much as my own, I was gratified with the prospect of a residence in upper Carolina, where the climate would doubtless suit me and my wife, and the vicinity of the mountains will suit the taste of Miss Bensaddi. I can see that her health and spirits are already improved by the mere expectation of living near the mountains."

"I hope that she will reside in the midst of them before long," said I, under a sudden impulse. Mr. D. looked surprised, and waited for an explanation. But as yet I have given him none:

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

#### POLITICAL.

[From the Bangor Democrat.]

#### THE MEANS OF CONVERSION.

Our federal opponents have quite a perfect system of organization; their Central Committee at Washington is composed of members of Congress; then come the State, County, Town and School district Committees, through which orders are passed down from, and intelligence is sent up to, head quarters. The inferior officers, of their police act as spies and informers; they keep a watchful eye on the movements and have it their duty to find subjects for conversion. Where they find a democrat that they suppose is lukewarm, dissatisfied, or disposed to change or any one that may be operated upon, as they call it—their names are immediately transmitted to head quarters, when they are *complimented* with speeches and documents franked by the federal Congressmen, and the greatest attention is paid them by federal gentlemen of distinction. The Hon. Geo. Evans and his coadjutors here, have tried this *stuffing system* in many instances in this section, and although several hopeful cases have been reported, we cannot learn a solitary instance of genuine conversion. It is emphatically *no go*. The unusual attention from their opponents, their documents and their flattery, are taken voters by the hand,—not as complimentary but as insulting in the highest degree. They consider it condescension to place word over their eyes—flattery to deceive—and sure evidence that the federalists believe that the people have neither common sense nor common honesty.

WANT OF FORESIGHT.—Not long since the fifteen gallion temperance Whigs of Massachusetts cut down their orchards, to show that they would neither touch, taste nor handle any beverage that would induce jollity. They would even forego apples that the intoxicating drink of cider should not be made. Well, these same anti-cider men are now obliged to pay at the rate of seven dollars a barrel for the favorite Harrison liquor to drink bumpers to the success of the *seig* candidate. What a pity that the federalists destroyed their orchards—perhaps the act will be the means of defeating Harrison. Who know what cider may do!—Bangor Democrat.

From the Eastern Argus.

#### THE FEDERAL GAME OF PANIC.

Next to "Hard Cider," the Federalists rely upon "Hard Times," to secure their success at the coming Presidential election. This is no new game with them. Ever since their first existence as a party, they have endeavored to build themselves up upon the distresses of the community, and to procure from the people by extortion, that power and authority which they could not obtain by any argument of reason, or any arts of persuasion. The character which the venerable Matthew Carey gave them, a quarter of a century ago, is as distinctly applicable to them now, as it was then; for, now as then, they labor to overthrow Democracy by "grinding the face of the poor." The "character," is contained in the following extract from page 322 of the "Olive Branch," and we beg our readers to give it a moment's attention. Mr. Carey says of the Federalists of his time:—

"Your party rises as your country sinks. It sinks as your country rises. This is another awful fact. It cannot fail to tend to heart of every public spirited man among you. For the love of the God of Peace—contains all you hold dear, I adjure you to weigh with this sentence. 'Your party rises as your country sinks.' It is indubitable so. It is a terrible appalling truth. And you rise as that depending, lacerated, perishing, betrayed country sinks. 'I would rather be a dog and bay the moon,' than stand in this odious predicament."

"Your party rises as your country sinks." "It sinks as your country rises!" Such was the declaration of Matthew Carey concerning the Federalists of the last war; and such, too, must be the declaration of every true Patriot concerning the Federalists of the present day.

The opposition to the Administration of Madison did not more certainly rise and fall with the reverses and successes of the Country, than did the opposition to Andrew Jackson, or than now does the opposition to Martin Van Buren. The enemies of "Old Hickory," every body knows, prospered only during the brief periods of Bank-created PANIC. Whenever they succeeded, by the recklessness of their paper money machinery, in occasioning mercantile embarrassment and pecuniary distress among the people, then it was that they held their heads most erect, and in the language of Daniel Webster, *breathed freer and deeper*. Then it was, too, that they enjoyed an occasional triumph at the local elections, and solaced themselves with the vain hope of ultimate and lasting victory. But when on the other hand, the community recovered from the momentary consternation of the times, and business resumed, in some degree, its wonted activity, then it was glorious to see how instantly, as it were, Republicanism resumed its accustomed sway, and Federalism shrank, like a condemned criminal, into darkness and obscurity. Notwithstanding the bold declaration of a Federal leader, that it was "by suffering alone" that the American people could be prevailed on to support Henry Clay, and notwithstanding the vigor and energy with which that declaration was acted on by the whole money power of the Country, Andrew Jackson was nevertheless sustained in his glorious career, and the whole nation united to do him honor.

No efforts of the money king and his satellites at coercion; no deceptive cries of "hard times!" and "ruined country!"—no "panics" of any description whatever, proved able to check the current of popularity which carried "Old Hickory" into the Presidential chair, and steadily increased as the principles and character of that noble patriot became more extensively known and more thoroughly tried. Andrew Jackson was decidedly more loved and honored by the people, when he wrote his excellent "Farewell Address," than he was in 1833, he transmitted his first message to Congress!

The same means which the Federalists have heretofore used against the Democracy, they are now employing in order to defeat the reelection of Mr. Van Buren; and it is easy to see that they rely for success, only upon the ignorance and the sufferings of the people. Take away their senseless and disgusting clamor about "Log Cabins and Hard Cider," and deprive them of their everlasting cry of "hard times!" and you take from the sum and substance of all their political capital, and leave them no electioneering tools to work with. They announce no principles, and rely their followers around no political creed. I say simply shout, "Hurrah for Old Tip!" and howl forth doleful lamentations over this "ruined country." And they insult the undertakings of the community, by pretending to suppose, that these mere catch-words of party can have sufficient influence to secure Gen. Harrison's election! The strong tones of rebuke in which that community will speak out to them in November next, will show them in a manner not to be mistaken, how grievously they have underrated the popular intellect.

In relation to the Gross WICKEDNESS of now charging upon the Administration, all the pecuniary evils which exist in the community, we shall have a word to say hereafter. Our present purpose has been only to remind our readers, that as the federalists proverbially "suffer on distress," so they make it a business, at different periods, to try to demonstrate to the people by ACTUAL SUFFERING, that Democratic rulers are not to be tolerated in America!

HARD TIMES.—If there was as great a turn out as has been represented, the Baltimore Federal Convention, in time and money, to say nothing of cabins and devices, cost something like two million dollars. The convention transacted no business, except to assess and collect a large electioneering fund, and the two millions were fooled away, which proves that the times are severe and money scarce!—Bangor Democrat.

From the Bangor Democrat.

#### CHANGE FOR THE SAKE OF A CHANGE.

We made some remarks last week under this caption and we now pursue the subject somewhat farther. Our opponents assume that the people are prepared to go "for change for the sake of change," on the ground that "a change in the Administration could produce a favorable effect upon the business interest of the country." This is man's growing motive, and that his avarice is greater than his love of truth; and his reasoning on the postulate that any change must be for the better. As we conceive, this is sheer assumption and a false view of things. Notwithstanding the selfishness of man, we believe that he has a deep and abiding love of truth, and that his patriotism, rectitude of conduct and devotion to principles are considerations which rise above the mere lust of gain and desire to advance his own interests to the sacrifice of his character and the cause of liberty.

Our federal opponents, desiring a changer themselves for political purposes, would create a desire for change in the minds of those who could realize no benefits from it if a change should take place. The people are not blind; they can see that the selfish, the mercenary and the aspiring would make them instruments to work out a result which would only be beneficial to the few who would thereby advance themselves. These interest devotes appeal to the people and demand a change which the people only can make; and why for what? Why is a change wanted? Why is not the present Administration acceptable? Yes, why? No reason is assigned, but that the times are bad. It is superficially argued, or rather boldly stated without argument, that bad times are the natural result of a bad Administration.

What man of sane mind pretends that the Administration has interfered with his individual business? If a farm is not productive or if the season is unfavorable, does the farmer believe that the Administration, and not himself or the great Supreme, is the occasion of it? If the merchant cannot sell his merchandise does he think it is owing to the Administration? If the mechanic cannot obtain employment and high wages, does he pretend that the Administration has interfered in the matter? Certainly not, if persons are in full possession of their senses. "The great cause is made up from these individual cases, which show the principle involved in the argument or statement of our opponents, that bad times are the consequence of a bad Administration."

A change of Administration, it is represented, would produce mighty effects. Would it occasion more fruitful seasons, and enable people to get rich and live without labor? Would it fulfil contracts and pay debts? Would it make people careful and economical? Would it change men's habits and natures?

It is absolutely necessary to have a change in the Administration it is on account of an abuse of power, corruption or mal-practices on the part of those in power, or because it is desirable to have a change of men in order to have a change of principles and measures, or for both these reasons. It is not denied that the opposition make the charge of corruption—but do they show it? They allege mal-practices—but do they bring them forward substantiated by evidence? These changes have been made but not proved; on the contrary whenever they have assumed a tangible form rebutting and conclusive proof has been produced, and the allegations have been left unfounded.

If the principles and measures of the present Administration are not satisfactory, why are not others presented to the public that the people may judge and choose between them? What kind of change is wanted? To what should the Administration be changed? What more than a change do the changelings want? They are dissatisfied with what?—they would have a change—for what? The "present Administration is unendurable, odious,"—why? "A different Administration is wanted,"—how different? "The measures of the democratic party are wrong, bad, injurious"—how and why, and what measures would be better and more beneficial to the country?

Until these questions are answered, and until the federalists show what they want and why they want it, until they show what measures and principles they approve of, their cry for change will not be listened to by the people.

#### A CONTRAST.

Two National Conventions recently assembled at Baltimore, one of the Democratic party, and the other the federal party. Meeting at the same place and nearly at the same time, the points of contrast between them cannot fail to attract attention and reflection.

The proceedings of the Democratic Convention we publish this week. Whatever diversity of opinion may exist as to other points, all will concede that it was conducted in rational and dignified manner, worthy of a great party, and of an intelligent people. It presented its candidate for the Presidency, and made a full, clear and distinct declaration of its principles. It resorted to no pageant, and made no uproar. Such ought to be the character of political assemblies in America, and especially of one called together for an object of so solemn a moment, as the nomination of a man for the high trust of the Presidency; and such, we rejoice to find, was the character of the National Democratic Convention. It gives cheerful promise, that our elections will be conducted with decency and governed by principle, and not controlled like the English hustings by the vagaries and hallooing of mountebanks.

How different the character of the federal Convention! It was professedly nothing more than a mere numerical aggregation of 25,000 idle people, assembled to exhibit a spectacle, to make a long procession, to parade banners covered with mummeries, log cabins, cider barrels and other similar pieces of buffoonery, to drink hard cider, and to annoy a peaceful city with unnumbered acts of brazen coxcombry. No address to the people was adopted. No resolutions declaratory of principle were promulgated. The speakers with the single exception of Mr.



# A CHANGE.

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Sergeant who alluded to the restoration of the U. S. Bank as one of the results of their success avoided with the utmost care the least allusion to any principles whatever. Even Mr. Webster condescended to enact the harlequin, and to talk of the virtues of "hard cider." Interchanges of "enthusiasm" formed the staple of this federal "fever of reason." An abundance of shouts made up for a most plentiful lack of argument, and the members separated with exhausted lungs, solemnly pledging themselves again to assemble in their respective States, again to enact other pranks equally fantastic.

In the name of common sense, when will all this foolery come to an end? Is it supposed that the people of this country are to be cheated out of their "sweet voices," by such practical jokes as that recently performed at Baltimore? The federal presses which parade the doings at the Monumental City, with such apparent exultation and gorgeous description, certainly think so, and are just as certainly mistaken. The people are not such fools, as these 25,000 men who have just "jumped Jim Crow" at Baltimore, please to imagine. They will give no party their votes, which does not address their reason, and they will be very apt to be shy of a party, which insults their intelligence by pageants and mummery addressed merely to their senses. 25,000 idlers, who have money and time to spare, to travel from every part of the country, to make themselves merry at Baltimore, will not be able to pass themselves off as the hard working, sober minded people of the country, let them build log cabins ever so busily, and drink hard cider ever so lustily. 'The bait will not take, the fish will not bite, and the clumsy anglers will find their baskets empty in November.—Augusta Age.

## BANK POWER.

Whether the British or Americans were victors at Fort Meigs, whether or not the Indians outwitted their adversaries at Tippecanoe, and whether Col. Johnson or Gen. Harrison was the true hero of the Thames, are all without doubt important as matters of national history. Nevertheless they are very unimportant to an issue, with which they are attempted to be connected; we mean, the Presidential issue now pending before the people. Gen. Harrison may have displayed in the field the skill and bravery of a Ney, and for all that, may be a very unsuitable man for the Presidency. Mr. Van Buren never smelt gun-powder in his life; and yet, the people may re-elect him to the Chief Magistracy notwithstanding. The true question of the times turns upon the principles of Democracy and Federalism, and has as little to do with cannon balls and Indian battles, as log cabins and hard cider have with common sense.

What those principles are, is intelligible enough, from the topics which now divide the two parties in Congress, and when examined, turn out to be principles long since adjudicated upon by the people, and in respect to which they are by no means likely to reverse their decision. They are simply, on the one hand, the principle that the people shall govern, and on the other hand, that the banks shall govern.

In the United States Senate, the great question is whether the banks shall be amenable to a bankrupt law, and thereby subjected to a forfeiture of charter and a confiscation of assets for the benefit of creditors, in the event of a failure to meet their liabilities.

In the United States House of Representatives, the great question is, whether the money of the people shall be used by the banks, or whether it shall be kept by public officers, until drawn out by appropriations according to law.

Upon both these questions, of the bankrupt law applicable to banks, and of the Independent Treasury, the Democratic party sides with the people, and the federal party sides with the banks. The Democratic party insists that banks should be tolerated no longer than they pay specie, and that failing to do so, they should be wound up. The federal party insists that the banks should be permitted to suspend as often as they please. The Democratic party insists that the Government should be independent of the banks. The federal party insists the banks should have the use of the people's money, and thereby control both the Government and the people. In short the Democratic party is the BANK PARTY. The country will decide between them.—Augusta Age.

From the Augusta Age.

## THE INTEREST OF THE PEOPLE.

It has always been known, that in the fluctuation of momentary affairs wages are the first thing to fall and the last thing to rise; a fact, which ought ever to be kept in mind, as the strongest argument in favor of a steady currency. One which is unsteady, fleeces the laborer at every turn of the wheel. He gains nothing by it, but loses every thing. When an expansion takes place, rents, fuel, bread and every necessary of life rises sooner than his wages. They rise last of all, and while after they have risen, the laborer is no better off than before, he has in the mean time suffered the grossest injustice. So when a contraction takes place, his wages fall instantly, but not so with other things, and again he is wronged and plundered.

The wit of man probably never devised a scheme of taxing the poor for the benefit of the rich, so subtle and effective as paper money. If banks expand, the laborer suffers; if banks contract, the laborer suffers; if banks fail, the laborer bears all the loss, without even the poor privilege of getting a part of this plunder. The present banking system is to him an unmitigated evil. When a revulsion comes, he gets no relief from banks. If he obtains an inadequate reward for his labor, he has no help for it—he

must work or starve. Not so his neighbor, who by means of bank accommodation can hold on to his property till better times. The flour speculator gets discounts, but the laborer cannot. The bloated monopolizer gets favors, but the laborer gets none. He is left to the lurch of the storms, and enjoys none of the sunshine. He bears all the brunt of the battle, and reaps none of the fruits of success.

Avay then with that impudent, fraudulent, barefaced affection of regard for the laborer, which is set up by those who are striving to perpetuate the tyranny of paper money. While its hypocrisy disgusts every honest mind, its flimsiness will be detected and despised by the intelligent men, upon whom it is intended to operate. The laboring man knows that a sound currency of the precious metals for common use, which will secure him steady wages and never plunder him by failures, is the best currency for him. He knows too, by an un-failing instinct, that his friends are the Democracy, and not the shynock harpies, bankers and dandies, who just now affect so great a love for him. All the smooth speeches which John Davis over made, will not satisfy him that Andrew Jackson is his enemy. All the uproar of cider loving and cabin building clis, will not satisfy him that they are his friends. He knows better, and cannot be cheated, as those who hope so, will find in the end, to their cost.

## OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, JUNE 2, 1840.

We have frequently heard it remarked by a certain class of politicians that there was no difference in the practice of the two great political parties, which divide the people of this country. That both were contending for power. That when they attained that object they both practised the same principles. But that there is a difference we fully believe, and that we will endeavor to show as briefly as possible.

The Federal party doubt the capacity, and deny the right, of the whole people to govern themselves. As a consequence, would found government on property, legislate for the rich and well-born; limit the right of suffrage to those who possess a certain amount of wealth, regardless of moral worth or intelligence; and place as many checks as possible upon the freedom of the people, lest they, the people, should be injured by too great a degree of liberty. These are the characteristic features of Federalism, as has always been made manifest by that party since the foundation of this government.

The Democratic party acknowledge the ability, and declare the right, of the whole people to govern themselves. They would found government upon the free suffrages of the people. They would seek to make that people intelligent, virtuous, and moral, by the diffusion of knowledge—by appeals to the highest and noblest faculties of the human mind. They would protect all in the enjoyment of wealth honestly procured; they would grant no exclusive privileges to a few for increasing it, nor would they endow it with the attributes of humanity by giving it a voice in the government. They would have as few laws as possible—those laws always to bear equally on all—and the people free in the broadest and fullest sense of the word. These are some of the characteristic features of Democracy—some of the leading features—but they are sufficient to show that there is a difference—a vast difference—in the tendency of the principles, and in the practice of the two great political parties of this country. Can any reasonable man long doubt which is in the right?—which in the wrong?

Why, if the opposition have a set of measures, upon the success of which they believe the good of the country depends, do they not state them—make up an issue on their merits, and defend them? If they can support their principles, upon their intrinsic merits, why not do it boldly and frankly? Why make the Presidential canvass a quarrel about men—a personal issue, instead of an issue of principle? Is it because they are conscious of the weakness of their cause? or are they afraid to avow the real issue?

Martin Van Buren, an Independent Treasury; or, William Henry Harrison, and a fifty million Bank. This is the true issue and main question, and the Democracy should ever keep it in mind, and not suffer it to be lost sight of, or be diverted by the senseless clamor of the Federal presses of "hard cider and log cabins." For what is the object of the Federal press in representing their candidate as living in a "log cabin" and drinking "hard cider"? Nothing more or less than to create a sympathy for him among the farmers and mechanics.

What an insult to the people to present such a candidate to them for their suffrages. A man over whom his friends have set a body of men, as conscience-keepers, lest he should utter sentiments opposed to the interests of his party, or speak in such a manner as to make him the jest and ridicule of all independent and thinking men.

If they have a principle by which they can honestly sustain their candidate and cause, and make up an issue, why not avow it to the people, who have a right to be informed on this subject. Why seek to disguise the real issue on which the approaching election must, and inevitably will, turn? Is it because they have so little confidence in the intelligence of the people and their ability to judge for themselves, that they dare not trust them with an exposition of their principles? It certainly appears more like that than any thing else,—it being in perfect keeping with their past course. Let our opponents extricate themselves from this dilemma if they can. Let the people judge of the designs of that party which seeks to withhold information, and hide the light from what they have a right to know.

SENATOR RUGGLES.—The Federal papers out of this State are rejoicing over what they term the conversion of Mr. Ruggles to Whiggism.—British Whiggism. Let them croak. Mr. Ruggles has been for three years past as much of a British Whig as he is now; and if they can find no new converts, he will

answer every purpose to crow over. They can have him and many others of like stamp—self-styled conservatives—and the Democratic party be the gainer thereby. Such Bank-bought conversions are of no benefit to any party. Mr. Ruggles has for some years hung like an incubus upon the Democratic party, and they may congratulate themselves that they are now well rid of him.

CHANGES.—The federalists report a great many changes, about these days,—of course they are changes from Democracy to Hard Cider. Mark one fact.—THE CHANGES ALL TAKE PLACE AT A DISTANCE. In the East, we hear of changes at the West, and at the West changes are reported in the East. Go where you will, and you cannot overtake the changes.—"distance lends enchantment," to changes, which, like the Paddy's pigs, frisk about so much that they can't be counted nor found.—Bangor Democrat.

## POST MASTER GENERAL.

JOHN M. NILES, of Connecticut, has been appointed to this office, and the appointment appears to give entire satisfaction. Mr. N. is a man of sterling ability, and untiring industry.

AWFUL STORM IN NORTH CAROLINA.—On Saturday last, about noon, the most frightful storm visited this place and the surrounding country, that we ever witnessed. We have heard of such things, but we have met with no one who ever saw them before. A black cloud which came up from the West, suddenly discharged its contents of wind, rain and hail in a perfect deluge. The hail came down at first in small bodies, and rapidly increased in size, until it fell in masses almost as large as a man's fist. The largest one we saw measured was 9-12 inches in circumference, but we heard of one which was picked up nearly twice as large. It continued for about 10 minutes, in which time it destroyed the greater part of the growing crops and gardens within its range, pelted down nearly all the fruit, and broke perhaps from 20 to 30,000 panes of glass in this town alone.

Pigeons flying in the air were knocked down, poultry were killed, horses standing in the streets were frightened, and galloped off in all directions, and indeed such a scene of alarm we have never witnessed. It extended over a space about 4 miles wide by perhaps 30 in length, in all of which the ground is covered with fallen vegetation, or the leaves and branches of trees. We have heard of no person being hurt.—Fayetteville Observer.

The entire loss of property by the tornado at Natchez, is estimated at over five millions of dollars.

"O, pa," said a little urchin twelve years old, "I know now what makes the 'whigs' like Harrison and late Jackson." "Well, what is it, sonny?" "Because Harrison never hurt the British, and Jackson did."—New Era.

A clever little paper published in the interior, heads an article announcing its discontinuance, thus: "Dreadful Explosion and Loss of Life."

## NOTICE.

THOSE persons indebted to the subscriber on Note, without delay. Those whose notes have been due one year are notified that unless payment is made, on a part, by the first of July next, they will be left for collection, without distinction. FRANCIS BENNIS. Paris, May 25, 1840. 42

## GUARDIAN'S SALE.

BY virtue of License obtained from the Probate Court of the county of Oxford, I shall sell at private sale prior to the first day of July next, all the interest which the minor children of Austin Nelson, late of Oxford, in said county, deceased, have in the homestead farm of said deceased, situated in said Oxford.

LEVI THAYER, Guardian of said Minors. Paris, June 1, 1840. 3w42

## Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS Stephen Greenleaf, Jr. of Norway, in the county of Oxford, duly executed to me, the subscriber, of said Norway, a mortgage of certain real estate situated at Steep Falls, so called, in said Norway, which premises are particularly described in said mortgage, dated the eleventh day of October, A. D. 1838, and recorded in the Oxford Registry of Deeds, Book 30, page 153, to which reference is had. And whereas said Greenleaf has broken the conditions in said mortgage, I hereby claim to have possession of said mortgaged premises, and to foreclose the same. EPHRAIM BROWN. Norway, May 30, 1840. 3w42

## Administrator's Sale—Adjourned.

PURSUANT to a license obtained from the Court of Probate for the county of Oxford, I shall sell, at Public Auction, on the premises, all the real estate of William H. Muzzy, late of Oxford, in the county of Oxford, deceased, on the 20th day of June next, at one o'clock, P. M. Said estate consists of a small house and three quarters of an acre of land, situated at Craigie's Mills, subject to the widow's right of dower therein. Also, some loose and store, and some notes of hand. ALEXANDER H. MUZZY, Adm'r. Oxford, May 30, 1840. 3w42

## Administratrix's Sale.

WILL be sold, by license from the Probate Court for the County of Oxford, at the store of the late John B. Ford, in Norway, on Thursday, the twenty-fifth day of June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, all the right, title, and interest of said Ford in any real estate, viz: a certain wood lot on Bennett's Island, so called, in said Norway, containing ten acres; one new in the Methodist Meeting House; also all the right in equity of redemption which said Ford had in and to the land and buildings, in said Norway, formerly occupied by him, to wit: two acres of land, together with the dwelling house, barn, stable, store, cooper's shop, and pot well thereon; also, all the right in equity of redemption which said Ford had in and to a certain parcel of land in said Norway, containing about twenty-five acres, being part of the Rufus Bartlett farm, so called. Said two acres and buildings and said twenty-five acres being subject to the widow's dower, and to a mortgage to William Foster. Terms made known at the sale. ABIGAIL L. FORD, Administratrix. Norway, May 28, 1840. 3w42

The widow's right of dower will be sold at the same time and place. ABIGAIL L. FORD.

## DR. SEARS' UNIVERSAL SANGUINARIAN, Or: Blood-Root Pills.

THE medicine which is nearly an "infallible cure" for all the diseases "that flesh is heir to," which, in a flagrant imposition upon the public confidence, and a most wicked outrage upon the generous feelings that humanity justly demands of us.—Yes the very frequency and boldness of these impious frauds, so eminently cruel to the unfortunate, furnish solid ground for preventing the public a remedy that may be intelligently appreciated and relied upon. That powerful medicinal agent, the Blood Root, is the basis of the Universal Sanguinarian Pills, and all the materials are drawn from the Vegetable Kingdom—the grand source of support to the existence. But in the combination, the different ingredients are blended and modified as to give the compound a remarkable advantage over the simples, and it is believed over all other medicines. When it is considered that nearly all diseases, chronic and acute, are connected with a disordered action of the stomach and bowels, and that in most instances, the natural physics of the system—and when it is further considered that these Pills act with singular power upon the many organs, and through them upon the blood and entire physical economy, proper reason must justify the assertion, that in all curable cases of disease, and the deduction of reason is abundantly corroborated by experience. This medicine has, by the laws of life, inspires and strengthens nature, and works its cures by generally clearing her on to a triumphant conflict with the disease, and it is offered for general use, and as a safe and most valuable family medicine. Safe, not because it does nothing—like many contemptible nostrums of newspaper celebrity, which by occupying the place of efficient remedies are often fatal—but safe because it aids and co-operates with nature, instead of resisting her, and violently attempting to perform her work by dangerous foreign agency.

The Profoundest and most perfect confidence in the superior virtues of the UNIVERSAL SANGUINARIAN PILLS, which they are presented to the public on their merits alone, and which will not be in the least shaken by the severe but judicious tests to which they are subjected, is for sale by R. S. BLASDEL, East of Thomson, Me.

## AGENTS for the BLOOD-ROOT PILLS in Oxford County:

HIRAM HUBBARD, Paris Hill; O. H. Paine, South Paris; C. Howe, Sumner; A. Cole & Co., Buckfield; P. Clark, Turner; H. H. Minot; J. & W. Stephens, Greenwood; W. E. Goodnow, Norway; O. C. Butler & Co., Rumford; J. H. Wardwell, Rumford; Graham & Knapp, Ashcroft; Wm. Walker, Paris; J. M. Dehon, Canton; J. C. Colgate, Livermore; A. Holba, Livermore; L. Waterman, Wm. S. Craig, Augusta; L. Slacy, Fayette. 1y42

## Commissioners' Notice.

THE undersigned hereby give notice that they have been appointed by the Judge of Probate for the county of Oxford, Commissioners to receive and examine the claims of the several creditors to the estate of Dudley Bean, late of Brownfield, yeoman, deceased, and represented insolvent, that six months are allowed by law to the several creditors to bring in their claims; that they will be in session for the purpose of attending to their duties aforesaid, on the second Monday in August and the second Monday in November next, at the dwelling house of widow Polly Bean, in said Brownfield. RICHARD PAINE, STEPHEN IRISH. Brownfield, May 30, 1840. 3w42

## MORTGAGEE'S NOTICE.

WHEREAS Samuel H. Houghton, of Woodstock, twenty-fifth day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-six, conveyed to me, the subscriber, a certain parcel of land situated in Woodstock, in mortgage, being one undivided half of two by the description of Gore A., in the West half of said County, Book 49, page 425. And whereas the condition of said deed is broken, by the non-payment of the debt secured by the same: I therefore hereby give notice to the said Lotwin to foreclose said mortgage for conditions broken. GEORGE BOARDMAN, Jr. Paris, May 25, 1840. 3w42

## COLLECTOR'S NOTICE—Woodstock.

NOTICE is hereby given to the owners and non-reident proprietors of the following described lands, situated in the town of Woodstock, in the County of Oxford, that the same are taxed in Bills committed to me to collect, for the years 1838 and 1839:

East part of Woodstock.			
Owners names unknown.	No. Lots.	Acres.	Value.
Undivided half	65	50	25
Taxes for 1839, East part,	116	100	30
Undivided half	10	60	20
	13	50	25
	106	100	15
	116	100	30

Delinquent Highway Tax in the East part of Woodstock, for the years 1837 and 1838.

Undivided half	No. Lots.	Acres.	Value.
	116	100	30
For the year 1838.	116	100	30
Undivided half	13	50	25

Unless said taxes, with all necessary intervening charges, shall be paid to the subscriber on or before the twenty-ninth day of August next, so much of said lands shall be necessary to pay the same, will be sold at Public Vendue, on said twenty-ninth day of August, at one of the clock in the afternoon, at the store of Welcome Kinsley, in said Woodstock.

JOHN BICKNELL, Collector. April 27, 1840. 3w42

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Executor of the last Will and Testament of

DANIEL GREEN, late of Waterford in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs. He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to him, on or before the twenty-sixth day of May next, at Waterford, May 26, 1840. THOMAS GREEN. 3w42

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-sixth day of May, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty—

Moses Stone, named Executor in a certain instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Mercy Merritt, late of Livermore in said county, deceased, having presented the same for probate: Ordered, That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the twenty-third day of June next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last Will and Testament of said deceased. LYMAN RAWSON, Judge. Copy Attest—Levi Stowell, Register. 3w42

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that she has been duly appointed and taken upon herself the trust of Administratrix of the Estate of

ALMON HOWARD, late of Waterford, in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs.—She therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to her, on or before the twenty-sixth day of May next, at Waterford, May 26, 1840. ABIGAIL HOWARD. 3w42

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-sixth day of May, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty—

SIMON SARRETT, Executor of the last Will and Testament of Abraham Heath, Jr., late of Sumner, in said County, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased: Ordered,

That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the twenty-third day of June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed. LYMAN RAWSON, Judge. Copy Attest—Levi Stowell, Register. 3w42

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-sixth day of May, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty—

JAMES DEERING, named Executor in a certain instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Eleanor Bryant, late of Paris, in said county, deceased, having presented the same for probate: Ordered,

That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the twenty-third day of June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last Will and Testament of said deceased. LYMAN RAWSON, Judge. Copy Attest—Levi Stowell, Register. 3w42

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-sixth day of May, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty—

ON the petition of ANNA P. FROST, Administratrix of the estate of Edmund Frost, late of Norway, in said county, deceased, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owed at the time of his death, by the sum of one hundred dollars, and praying for a license to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased, as may be necessary, for the payment of said debts and incidental charges: Ordered,

That the petitioner give notice thereof to the heirs of said deceased, and to all persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the twenty-third day of June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. LYMAN RAWSON, Judge. Copy Attest—Levi Stowell, Register. 3w42

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-sixth day of May, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty—

ON the petition of BENJAMIN WEBBER, administrator on the estate of John Webber, late of Sweden, in said county, deceased, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owed at the time of his death, by the sum of eight hundred dollars, and praying for a license to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges: Ordered,

That the said petitioner give notice thereof to the heirs of said deceased, and to all persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the twenty-third day of June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. LYMAN RAWSON, Judge. Copy Attest—Levi Stowell, Register. 3w42

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-sixth day of May, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty—

ON the petition of OLIVE FAUNCE, administratrix of the estate of Alden E. Faunce, late of Turner, in said County, deceased, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owed at the time of his death, by the sum of ninety four dollars and ninety-four cents, praying for license to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased, as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges: Ordered,

That the petitioner give notice thereof to the heirs of said deceased, and to all persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the twenty-third day of June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. LYMAN RAWSON, Judge. Copy Attest—Levi Stowell, Register. 3w42

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-sixth day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty

WILLIAM PINGREE named executor in a certain instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Stephen Pingree, late of Norway in said county, deceased, having presented the same for probate: Ordered,

That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the twenty-third day of June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last Will and Testament of said deceased. LYMAN RAWSON, Judge. Copy Attest—Levi Stowell, Register. 3w42

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-sixth day of May, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty—

ON the petition of SARAH J. BARTLETT, administratrix of the estate of Samuel Bartlett, late of Rumford, in said County, deceased, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owed at the time of his death, by the sum of one hundred and twenty-five dollars, and praying for a license to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary for the payment of said debts, and incidental charges: Ordered,

That the petitioner give notice thereof to the heirs of said deceased, and to all persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Rumford in said county, on the fourteenth day of September next at ten o'clock, A. M. and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. LYMAN RAWSON, Judge. Copy Attest—Levi Stowell, Register. 3w42

## MILITARY CAPS, &C.

THE subscribers grateful for the liberal patronage of the military of the State, would respectfully give notice to the Officers and Soldiers of the light corps in the State, that they have on hand a great variety of Samples of Caps of the latest Style, and will make to order for Companies at short notice, and at the most reasonable terms. They will also furnish Cap-makers with *Knopknicks* of the most approved patterns, cheap as the cloth, and as good as the best. Gentlemen about contracting for Caps or Knopknicks are invited to call at No. 50 MIDDLE STREET. WILSON & PUTNEY, Agents. Portland April 16, 1840. 1s 6w32



